



*The Pathetic farewell of Leonidas, to
his Wife and Family.*

Vide Glovers. Leonidas

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WINDSOR FOREST.

by Alex^r. Pope Esq^r.

Select Extracts from Leonidas.

by Glover.

ECSTASY.

by Thomas Parnell.

On Liberty and in Praise of M^r. Howard.

by Cowper.

&c. &c.



L O N D O N .

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WINDSOR FOREST.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

THY forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song ;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame,
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again !
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades :
 Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
 Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn,
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground ;
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste ;
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey ;
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;

Who

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, -
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
 Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled ;
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed,
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began ;
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man ;
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires ;
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires,
 Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst ;

Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God,
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
 Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds.
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds:
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:

Secure

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest and scarlet-crested eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold !

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny,
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo) :
 With slaughter'd ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves ;
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply :
 The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye ;
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd ;
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold ;
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains ;
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car ;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks furround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And pawing seems to beat the distant plain :
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying fleet.

[Let

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen:
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign;
 The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last);
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd; and burning with desire,
 Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;

Not

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God more furious urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale the nymph appears;
 Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain—
 “ Ah Cynthia ! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
 “ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair.
 “ My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.”
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away,
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before,
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves,
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods.
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams.
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear :
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear ;
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods ;
 Nor all his stars above a lustre shew
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His sov'reign favours, and his country loves :
 Happy, next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;

With

With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er ;
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end :
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eye,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd ;
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless.
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made :

Here

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and softly Denham sung !
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise.
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.
 Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire ;
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore ;
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains :
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age.
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone).
 Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
 Heavens ! what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At

At length great Anna said—' Let discord cease,'
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head ;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold ;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers flood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise !
Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From Heaven itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;
 These now no more shall be the Muses themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign !
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ilster's foaming flood :
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood but in the sylvan chace ;
 The trumpet sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold ! th' ascending villas on my side
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
 The worlds great oracle in times to come ;

There

There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display;
To the bright regions of the rising day :
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales :
For me the balm shall bleed, the amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow ;
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold,
The time shall come when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side ;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their naked groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ;

Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there;
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires;
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plain,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing,
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ECSTACY.

E C S T A C Y.

By THOMAS PARNELL.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming show;
The wish that makes our happier life compleat,
Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endless, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea;
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
May rise from earth, to visit heaven and thee:

Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wond'rous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now ! what powerful fire
With this blest influence equals my desire ?

I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes) ;
Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat :
And now the sun and now the stars are gone,
Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on.
Where tracts of æther purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day,

Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen !
Oh, ravishment ! Oh, sacred rage within !
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd ;
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye ;
I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
" Let God's attendants praise his awful name !"
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
Mysterious seat of Majesty divine !
And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing,
See, where the shining Seraphims appear,
And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praise ;
Behold the great Apostles, sweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther set.

Behold

Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
 With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre ;
 And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around
 The church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen ;
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ ;
 And all is music and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part ;
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
 Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,
 If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
 Assist my words, and, as they move along,
 With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below !
 O great, and far beyond expression so !
 No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
 For power and knowledge in their source are thine ;
 Around thee glory spreads her golden wing ;
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujahs sing.

Son of the Father, first-begotten Son !
 Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
 The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
 The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
 The world must own thy Love's unfathom'd spring ;
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
 Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
 In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine !

With.

With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
 With holy transports you refine the breast ;
 And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wond'rous heat ?
 What interruption makes my bliss retreat ?
 This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's crost,
 And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.
 With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
 Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole !
 But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
 Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
 So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
 And, rank'd with planets, light the world below,
 But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
 When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly,

THE FRIENDLY CONTEST.

WHILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
 Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
 The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
 Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote ;
 From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
 And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse,
GLO.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.

He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in her eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng :

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta ! Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder ? O my friends ;
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue ? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes,
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe ;
That wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,

And

And looks around for happiness in vain.
 Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life ;
 My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
 And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
 The gods allow to many ; but to die
 With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
 Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
 And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

Leonidas Answer to the Persian Ambassador.

RETURN to Xerxes ; tell him on this rock
 The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
 His chosen myriads ; tell him, thou hast seen
 How far the lust of empire is below.
 A free-born mind : and tell him, to behold
 A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
 To seal my country's freedom, is a good
 Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.

I See, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
 Has ever known the prevalence of love,
 E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour :
 Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
 Was once my heart insensible to thee.

How

How had it stain'd the honours of my name
 To hesitate a moment, and suspend
 My country's fate, to shameful life preferr'd
 By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
 But what in me were infamy to shun,
 Not virtue to accept ! Then deem no more
 That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
 I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
 The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
 O thou dear mourner ! wherefore streams afresh
 That flood of woe ? Why heavens with sighs renew'd,
 That tender breast ? Leonidas must fall.
 Alas ! far heavier misery impends
 O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
 I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
 Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
 Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
 Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
 On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
 E'er known a pause of love, or pious care ?
 Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
 Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
 For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
 Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
 Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
 Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
 With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
 Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield

To sorrow and to shame ; for thou must weep
 With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
 Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
 Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
 And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
 In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
 Beat at the sound of liberty no more,
 On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
 When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
 Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
 Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy,
 Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
 Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
 The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow :
 Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.
 For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,
 His brave companions of the war demand
 Their leader's presence ; then her griefs renew'd,
 Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
 And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
 In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
 She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
 Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
 His soul no longer struggles to confine
 Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
 Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
 Amid his children, who inclose him round,
 He stands indulging tenderness and love.

In

In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
 Address'd to Heaven : Thou ever-living Pow'r,
 Look down propitious, fire of gods and men !
 And to this faithful woman, whose desert
 May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
 And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
 O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !
 But since that spirit I from thee derive,
 Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
 Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught,
 Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
 And from their father let them learn to die.

Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
 Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
 Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
 With bleating thousands, or with bounding flocks,
 Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
 Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
 And thro' the paths of science had he walk'd
 The votary of wisdom. In the years
 When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
 He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
 Of Zoroaster ; then his tow'ring soul
 High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
 And from the lofty Babylonian fane

With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere ;
 There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
 Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
 Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
 The Indian fages from sequester'd pow'rs,
 While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
 The pow'rs of nature ; whether in the woods,
 The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant.
 The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
 Or in the purer element of fire.
 The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
 Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
 From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
 Precipitates his waters to the sea,
 Which far below, receives the sevenfold stream.
 Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd ; nor pass'd
 Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard,
 The tongue of Thales ; nor Priene's walls,
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias ; nor the seat
 Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
 Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears.
 Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
 And thee, O father of immortal verse !
 Mæonides, whose strains thro' ev'ry age
 Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
 Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
 His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
 To Hyperanthes, generous and good ;

And

And Ariana, from Darius sprung
 With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
 Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
 Of all her greatness oft, an humble ear
 To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
 Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
 Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd,
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain :
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
 Nor shunn'd resort : but o'er his sorrows cast
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
 Conceal'd his anguish ; while the secret flame
 Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

*Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian
 Camp.*

IN sable pomp, with all her starry train,
 The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
 Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets.
 Dissolv'd in silent slumber ; all but those,
 Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
 An hundred warriors : Agis was their chief.
 High on the wall intent the hero sat,
 As o'er the surface of the tranquil main

Along its undulating breast the wind
 The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
 In one deep murmur swelling in his ear :
 When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
 Alarm'd, he calls aloud : What feet are those,
 Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock ?
 With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.

He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown ;
 Not with the feet of enemies we come,
 But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.

The Spartan answers : Thro' the midnight shade
 What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad ?

To whom the stranger : We are friends to Greece,
 And to the presence of the Spartan king
 Admission we implore. The cautious chief
 Of Lacedæmon hesitates again ;
 When thus, with accents musically sweet,
 A tender voice his wond'ring ears allur'd :

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
 Of one distress'd ! whom grief alone hath led
 In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
 A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
 Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
 In servile garb attir'd ; but near his side
 A woman graceful and majestic stood :
 Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
 Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms

Of

Of love's soft queen ; but such as far excell'd
 Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
 Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade ;
 Such as exprefs'd a mind which wisdom,
 And sweetness temper'd. virtue's purest light
 Illumining the countenance divine :
 Yet could not soothe remorseless fate, nor teach
 Malignant fortune to revere the good ;
 Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,
 And oft associates wisdom with despair.
 In courteous phrase began the chief humane :

Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
 Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
 And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,
 That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
 Before the great Leonidas to place
 This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent
 Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides,
 At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad
 His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
 And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
 Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd :
 Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd.
 With veneration of the god-like man,
 But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd.
 Benevolent and hospitable thus :

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
 Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
 Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
 By what relentless destiny compell'd,
 Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread ;
 Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
 Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
 And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke :

If to be most unhappy, and to know
 That hope is irrecoverably fled ;
 If to be great and wretched, may deserve
 Commiseration from the good, behold,
 Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
 Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
 Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain !
 First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
 Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal,
 This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
 He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd
 For me, alas ! within my brother's arms
 His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
 —Oh I will stay my sorrows ! will forbid
 My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
 Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain !

For

For why should thy humanity be griev'd
 With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
 The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain !
 Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
 To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
 Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
 When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,
 From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
 Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.
 Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes.
 Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd :

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear !
 Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
 My everlasting absence ! then inclin'd
 His head, and sigh'd ; nor yet forgot to charge
 His friend, the gentle Agis, thro' the straits
 The Persian princess to attend and aid.
 With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.
 The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd
 His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down ;
 And from beneath a mass of Persian slain
 Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.
 To Agis' high pavilion they resort.
 Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs
 Thy soul involv'd ! what horror clasp'd thy heart !
 But love grew mightiest ; and her beauteous limbs

On

On the cold breast of Teribazus threw
 The grief distracted maid. The clotted gore
 Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
 Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
 Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,
 When forth in groans her lamentations broke !

O torn for ever from my weeping eyes !
 Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
 Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
 Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
 For her, who now in agony unfolds
 Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
 To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
 Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
 Alas ! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
 Perceive my gushing anguish ? Does that heart,
 Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
 Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs ?
 —O bitter unsurmountable distress !

Lo ! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
 Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
 Not now to listen with enchanted ears
 To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
 Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind !

She could no more : invincible despair
 Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form
 Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
 O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,

Bends

Bends down the head with imitated woe :
 So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
 Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
 Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
 Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd ;
 Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,
 Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
 And sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
 On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard

COWPER.

OH could I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth hath seen or fancy could devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair,
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light :
 Again, when evening in her sober vest
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading West ;
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days ;
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine :

Elc

Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home ;
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r ;
 While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears,
 Propitious Spirit ! yet expunge a wrong
 Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long ;
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care :
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
 To bind the lawless and to punish guilt,
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
 Are mighty mischiefs not to be withstood ;
 And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
 Where cover guile and artifice abound :
 Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind ;
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
 But let insolvent innocence go free,

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen ;
 Verse, like the laurel its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed :
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.

}
Blest

Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
 Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine ;
 To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
 To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe ;
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
 But knowledge such, as only dungeons teach,
 And only sympathy like thine could reach ;
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
 Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
 That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
 Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee !

*Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq. written in
 the Year, 1756.*

By Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose :
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme :
 And scarce can ask you how you do,
 Without a jingling line or two.

Besides,

Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of easy writing;
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find 'tis writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
 Than Addison and his Spectator;
 Who says (it is no matter where,
 But that he says it I can swear)
 With easy verse most bards are smitten,
 Because they think it's easy written;
 Whereas the easier it appears,
 The greater marks of care it wears;
 Of which to give an explanation,
 Take this by way of illustration,
 The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
 And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
 Because he did not like the rhymes:
 To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
 In short, he labour'd to write easy.
 And yet no Critic e'er defines
 His poems into labour'd lines.
 I have a simile will hit him;
 His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him;
 Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
 The better fit the more they're tried.

Though

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
 Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
 'Tis the result of admiration
 To spend itself in imitation
 If imitation may be said,
 Which is in me by nature bred,
 And you have better proofs than these,
 That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who but a madman would engage
 A Poet in the present age?
 Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
 Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
 We travel in the beaten road.
 The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
 The only comfort that I know
 Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
 Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
 Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
 Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
 Or the great Two the Connoisseur;
 Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
 Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit;
 And, happy in the close connection,
 T' acquire some name from their reflection;
 So (the similitude is trite)
 The moon still shines with borrow'd light;
 Vol. VI, 22. D And,

And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-finning.
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free :
The bard indeed full oft complains
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains ;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope.
So M———rs of basest tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng ;

And

And make each puny rogue a prey,
 While they, the greater, sink away.
 This simile perhaps would strike,
 If match'd with something more alike;
 Then take it dress'd a second time
 In Prior's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A mob of people in the street.
 Ready to give the robb'd relief.
 And all in haste to catch a thief;
 While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
 Too close beset to run away,
 Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
 And so escapes among the crowd?
 So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
 For sure thy losses now are great;
 Two such what Briton can endure,
 Minorca, or the Connoisseur!

To-day*, or e'er the sun goes down,
 Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!

D2

He

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humorous account of himself.

He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
 With blushing honours thick upon him ;
 O may his name these verses save,
 Be these inscrib'd upon his grave !

“ Know, Reader, that on Thursday died,
 “ The Connoisseur, a Suicide !
 “ Yet think not that his soul is fled,
 “ Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead,
 “ Howe'er defunct you set him down,
 “ He's only going out of *Town*.”

ON CONTENT.

IT is not youth can give content,
 Nor is it wealth's decree ;
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,
 Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,
 Tho' he'd give millions for't :
 It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
 Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
 It is not in a garter ;
 'Tis not in love or politics,
 But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

Veni

Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.

DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,

Come visit ev'ry pious mind ;

Come pour thy joys on human kind ;

From sin and sorrow set us free,

And make thy temples worthy thee,

O source of uncreated light,

The father's promis'd Paraclete !

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,

Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;

Come, and thy sacred unction bring

To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,

Rich in thy sevenfold energy !

Thou strength of his Almighty hand,

Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.

Proceeding Spirit, our defence

Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,

And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

}

Refine and purge your earthly parts ;

But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

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Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge your earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son, by thee,

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

Discord's House.

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss :
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
 That none the same way may out-win ;
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,

But

But none to issue forth when one is in ;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With rugged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which, the sad effect of discord sung :
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't ;
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine :
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive :
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and the princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaurs drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell :
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to out-rage fell,

[That

That each of life fought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive

And eke of private persons many more,
That were too long a worke to count them all ;

Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe ;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural ;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual ;

Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all ;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within ; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,

Which she herself had sown all about,
Now grown great, at first of little feedes,
The seeds of evil words, and fastious deedes ;

Which when to ripeness due they grown are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.
And those same cursed seeds do also serve

To her for bread, and yield a living food :

For life it is to her, when others starve
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feed,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed,
For she at first was born of hellish brood,

And by infernal furies nourished,

That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrary ways extended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be ;
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
 And wicked words that God and man offended :

Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;
 And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
 guided.

Als as she double speake, so heard she double,
 With matchles eares deformed and distort,
 Fil'd with false rumours, and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report.

And as her eares, so eke her feete were odde,
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac't ; that when th' one forward gode.
 The other back retired, and contrary trode,

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine :
 That one did reach, the other pusht away :

The one did make, the other mar'd againe,
 And fought to bring all things unto decay ;
 Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
 She in soft space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay.

For all her study was, and all her thought,
 How she could overthrowe the thing that concord
 wrought. So

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty self she did maligne,
 Because to man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she her self was of his grace indigne :
 For all this world's faire workmanship she tride,
 Unto his last confusion to bring
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

*Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of
 the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows ;
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Design'd to fit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again would your lordship a moment suppose

('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how.

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise ;

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut ;

The

The Revenge of America

WARTON.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
 Old India's awful genius rose :
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;
 For grief his feathery crown he tore.
 To see huge Plata foam with gore ;
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
 To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd !
 Plund'ers proceed ! my bowels tear,
 But ye shall meet destruction there.
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice ;
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst :
 The rage that sweeps my sons away
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

THE

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

From the Greek of Prodicus.

By BISHOP LOWTH.

NOW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime ; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd

Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,

Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root ;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears

By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit !
For, if on youth's untainted thought impress,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age

For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides fought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,

Step following step, and thought succeeding thought ;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued

His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude

Conversing ; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life : before him lay,
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind :

Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame ;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd

His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame :
When, lo ! far off two female forms he 'spies ;

Direct to him their steps they seem to bear ;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.

Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move ;
This striking sacred awe ; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd ;

Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more ;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast ;

A vest more white than new-fallen snow she wore :
August she trod, yet modest was her air ;

Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.
Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,

More mild, appear'd : yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue ;

But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All

All soft and delicate, with airy swim

Lightly she danc'd along : her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,

Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade :
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her skin ,

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;

Even on her shade a conscious look she threw :

Then all around her cast a careless glance,

To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.

As they came near, before that other maid

Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,

With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd ;
With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue :

“ Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?

Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind ?
Securely follow where I lead the way,

And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,

Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease :
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war :

Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free,

Leave honour to the wretch ! pleasures were made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;

All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight ;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,

To sleep thy ravish'd senses in delight :
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,

Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove ;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy head :
Joy shall attend thy sleeps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasures not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe ;

Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.

Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil ;

Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil :

These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught ;

He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
Still gaz'd and listen'd ; then her name besought :

" My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said :
" Well can my friends this envied truth maintain ;

They

They share my bliss, they best can speak my praise :
 Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain !)

Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says ;
 Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name ."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid ;

She all the while, with the same modest pace,
 Compos'd advanc'd : " Know, Hercules," she said

With manly tone, " thy birth of heavenly race :
 Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
 Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise ;
 When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice,

Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
 Rise, youth ! exalt thyself and me ; approve
 Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove.

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise :

The steep ascent must be with toil subdued ;
 Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
 Propos'd by Heaven—true bliss and real good.
 Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;

She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :
 Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,

And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place :
 Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
 And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care ?

O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore !

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r

Attend their altars, and their aid implore.

Or, would'st thou gain thy country's loud applause,

Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?

Be thou the bold asserter of her cause ;

Her voice in council, in the fight her sword :

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good ;

For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,

In arts of war and matchless strength excel ?

First conquer thou thyself : to ease, to rest,

To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,

In watches waste : in painful march, the day :

Congea'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,

Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :

Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

" Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage ?

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove ?"

(Abrupt says Sloth)—" Ill fit thy tender age

Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.

Turn,

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy !

To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay

Thine easy course ; no cares thy peace annoy ;

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way :

Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain :

Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign.”

“ What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine ?”

(Virtue with scorn replied) “ who sleep’st in ease
Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline

That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please :

Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require :

Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite ;

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,

Whom luxury supplies with appetite ;

Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain

Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar, cool’d with summer snows.

The dainty board with choicest viands spread.

To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow’ry couch and downy bed.

For thou art only tir’d with indolence :

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,

Th’ imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought ;

That kindly steals th’ inactive hours away

From the long ling’ring space, that lengthens out the day;

From.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores.

Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours ;

Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove

Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful place.
For ever banish'd from the realms above,

To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race :
Fitter abode ! on earth alike disgrac'd ;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight

To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee !
Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,

Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
Tho' lull'd with softer sounds thou liest along,

Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays ;
Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song

Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise !
No—to thy revels let the fool repair ;
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempting
snare.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !

A youth of follies, an old age of cares ;
Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,

Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.

Vain.

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease.

Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,

With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live and are despis'd ; they die, nor more are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell ;

Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd : whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire,
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide.

With me true friendship dwells : she deigns to bind
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;

Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ;

Sweet is their sleep ; light, chearful, strong they rise.
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown

They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent
At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well spent ;
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away ;
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish ev'ry day.

And

And when, the destin'd term at lengths complete,
 Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
 Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,
 In sacred song for ever lives their name.
 This, Hercules, is happiness ! obey
 My voice, and live : let thy celestial birth
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts : behold the way
 That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth
 Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
 Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native skies."

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
 The generous flame : with great intent his heart
 Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Thro' all her fraudulent arts, in clearest light,
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;
 Unveil'd the flood confess'd before his sight :
 False Siren !—All her vaunted charms, that shone
 So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
 Masks her dissembled looks ; each borrow'd grace
 Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her eyes
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.

As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,

And from our wonder gently steal away :
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while

Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene.
Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile

Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.

"Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried

Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:

From thee oh never, never let me stray!"

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The heavenly maid with strength divine endued

His daring soul; where all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude.

Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,

He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

On

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.

COWPER.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy feed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date :
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill !
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

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